

OCTOBER
No. 31

CRACK COMICS



SPECIAL!

**Captain
Triumph**

HELPS
A. SPADE
DIG HIS OWN
GRAVE!

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BOYS!

FREE

5 POWER TELESCOPE

WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this top class 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, optical glass lenses. Enlarge everything to 5 times its real-size. Shows clearly 1 time shown. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Japanese Chart FREE, showing 11 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO

KRAK-A-JAP

MACHINE GUN

Safe Harmless!

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually twinged use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun! The going will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't spend a single penny. Here Dad or Mother will not use much the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.99 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 15 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the top 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon

Send no money To Get Your **COMMANDO** Machine Gun and **FREE** Telescope

ELIMINATE MERCHANTS MARY

248 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Dec. 1943

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.99. Please send me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it I may return it to 25 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Enclosed slip the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope and I will pay the postman \$1.99 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

5-Power will see 5 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 5 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$1.99 to spring of 1944.

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ONLY KIM MEREDITH AND BIFF
KNOW THIS STRANGE SECRET:
WHEN LANCE GALLANT TOUCHES
A BIRTHMARK ON HIS LEFT
WRIST, HIS MORTAL BODY COM-
BINES WITH THE SPIRITUAL
POWERS OF HIS DEAD TWIN
BROTHER MICHAEL TO FORM
THE MIGHTY CRIME FIGHTER—
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

HEY, KIM!
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S
DISAPPEARED! I CAN'T
FIND HIM OR LANCE ANY
PLACE! HE'S
EVAPORATED!

C
A
P
T
A
I
N



T
R
I
U
M
P
H

BIFF, HE MIGHT
BE RIGHT IN THIS
ROOM, PLAYING A
JOKE ON US!...
YOU LOOK AS IF
YOU HADN'T SLEPT
ALL NIGHT!

I DIDN'T! I
TOOK TWO OF
THESE SLEEPING
PILLS—BUT I
STILL COULDN'T
SLEEP.

...LANCE WENT
OUT LAST NIGHT
AND SAID NOT TO
WORRY IF HE WASN'T
BACK EARLY—BUT HE
STILL ISN'T HOME.

BIFF—I'M
WORRIED!
MAYBE THERE
IS SOME-
THING TO DO
WITH LANCE'S
DISAPPEAR-
ANCE!



The Times

LATE * EDITION

A. SPADE ESCAPES

LOOK FOR THIS MAN!



ENEMY SABOTEUR
BREAKS PRISON
ON EVE OF TRIAL
KILLS GUARD WITH
GUN MYSTERIOUSLY
SMUGGLED INTO
CITY JAIL HERE

Sink a Destroyer
and Hit 3 More

Four more ships in the line
were sunk, and three more
were damaged. The enemy
destroyer was hit by a
torpedo and sank. The
other three ships were
damaged by gunfire. The
enemy fleet was defeated.
The British fleet was
victorious. The enemy
ships were sunk. The
British fleet was victorious.
The enemy ships were
sunk. The British fleet
was victorious. The enemy
ships were sunk. The
British fleet was victorious.

WIMBLY HILL, LONDON
DETENTION HOUSE
MURDER DEPT. 10

AN' WHO
IS A
SPADE?

HE'S A MAN
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH
HAD ARRESTED SOME
TIME AGO! THEY WERE
TRYING HIS CASE
YESTERDAY AND
HE ESCAPED!

MAYBE
HE GOT
LANCE!
I'M GOING
TO THE
POLICE!

WHU, LANCE OWN!
I'M GOING TO THE
POLICE - YOU'RE GOING
HOME! IF SPADE IS
LOOSE AND HUNTING
FOR TRIUMPH, WE'LL
LOOK HERE FIRST - AND
YOU'RE NOT STICKING
YOUR STUB NOSE IN
TH' WAY!

BUT CONSIDER LANCE AT LAST AND
SHE GOES TO HER OWN APARTMENT
AS SHE ENTERS THE DOOR...

FUNNY - I
THOUGHT I HEARD
BREATHING!
WHERE'S THE LIGHT
SWITCH?





UGGHH!
A HAND!



DON'T PUT
ON THE LIGHT -
NOT YET - MISS
MEREDITH!

WHO - WHO ARE
YOU? ANSWER
ME OR I'LL
SCREAM!



YOU SEE -
THERE ARE TWO
OF US!



SHE'S GAGGED
AND HER HANDS
AND FEET ARE
TIED!

GOOD! NOW PLACE HER
IN THAT BOX - WE'LL COVER
HER WITH A BLANKET AND POTS
AND PANS - AND TAKE HER OUT
OF THE BUILDING AS SCRAP FOR
DEFENSE! NO ONE WILL HINDER
THE PROGRESS OF PEACE
AND FREEDOM!



IN A LITTLE WHILE A TRUCK RUMBLES THROUGH
THE SILENT STREETS - BEARING ITS CARGO TO
A SECRET RENDEZVOUS WITH ADVENTURE!

HALF HOUR LATER IN A SQUALID SECTION OF THE
CITY THE BOX IS UNLOADED AND KIM IS CARRIED
INTO A HOUSE - HER GAGS AND BONDS ARE REMOVED -



SPADE!



HAN NAN NAN NAN!
I SEE YOU
RECOGNIZE
ME!

RECOGNIZE YOUR
YOUR PICTURE WAS
SPLOSHED ALL OVER
THE PAPER!

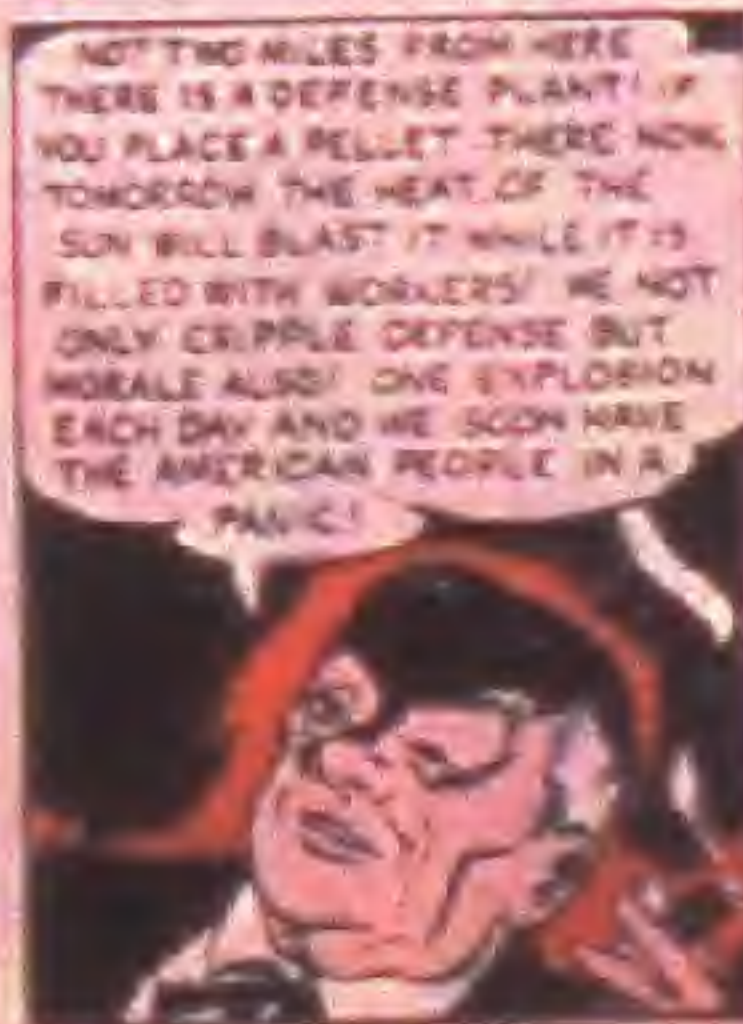












SUDDENLY THEY HEAR MOVING FROM THE ROOM ABOVE. KIM IS CRYING WITH PAIN!



WHAT IS THAT?

SPADE EXPLAINS ABOUT TRIUMPH AND KIM TO BOMBAY. THEN...



HOD HERE A MASTER AT FORGING SECRETS FROM RELUCTANT CHINESE. BOMBAY WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY THIS GIRL?

PLEASE DON'T LEAVE HER TO ME!

IN THE ROOM ALONE WITH KIM, BOMBAY BULEES HER WITH LOUD WORDS. BUT IN A FEW MINUTES, LOWERING HIS VOICE TO A WHISPER, HE MURMURS ONE WORD



KIM!

STARTLED SHE LOOKS AT HIM AT THE BIRTHMARK ON NECKLET WITH AND REALIZED IT IS TRIUMPH!



ON TRIUMPH, TRIUMPH! I'M SO GLAD IT'S YOU!

SPADE KIM! HE MUST HAVE THEIR CASE! THEY MUST GO TO BOMBAY! AND I MUST GET A RICK CALLED BOMBAY TO MEET AT SPADE!

SHE IS VERY WEAK. SPADE! LET HER REST! ILL MAKE HER TALK IN THE MORNING! - NOW-NOW ABOUT GETTING TO WORK?



GOOD! GOOD! HERE IS A CAPSULE! GOOD LUCK BOMBAY!

BUT OF COURSE TRIUMPH WAS NO INTENTION OF SETTING THE BOMB! CHANGING TO LANCE HE GOES TO HIS OWN APARTMENT AND TELLS BAY THE STORY-



SPADE REALLY BELIEVES I WAS BOMBAY - OF COURSE HE DOESN'T KNOW I HAVE THE POWER TO CHANGE MY PHYSICAL APPEARANCE!

B-B-B-BUT LANCE! B-B-B-BOMBAY WAS HERE! HE SAW SPADE'S ADDRESS WRITTEN ON THE TELEPHONE PAD! BY MY AUNT GUSSE'S GOULASH IN MY MOUTH I TELL!

BAY'S WORDS ARE PUNCTUATED BY A SHARP CRACK! THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW-AND LANCE CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR!



UG!

LANCE!





INSTANTLY LANCE HEARS BIFF AND WITH GREAT EFFORT
PULLS HIS RIGHT HAND OVER HIS LEFT WRIST...
WITH A NIGHTY CRASH, THE ALL-POWERFUL
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH
STANDS WHERE LANCE HAD LAIN UNCONSCIOUS!



BIFF! THERE'S NO TIME
TO LOSE! I'M TAKING THE
CAPSULES FROM BOMBAY—
AND GOING TO THE FACTORY
BEFORE IT EXPLODES! YOU
PILE SPIDE AND BOMBAY IN
THE CAR AND TAKE THEM
TO THE POLICE!

OKAY TRIUMPH!
AND I'LL PICK UP
TORPEDO AND KIM
ON THE WAY!



IN A MOMENT TRIUMPH FLIES TO THE DEFENSE PLANT



I'VE FOUND IT! IT'S
ALMOST MELTED AND ABOUT
TO EXPLODE! WHAT SHALL
I DO WITH IT?



THEN HE DOES AN ASTONISHING
THING—HE SWALLOWED IT! FOR TO
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH, WHOM BULLETS
CANNOT HARM, EVEN A CAPSULE
OF DYNAMITE IS LIKE A HARMLESS
MEDICINE!



NOW TO THE POLICE
STATION TO TURN OVER
THE OTHER CAPSULES
TO THE AUTHORITIES!



MEANWHILE BIFF WAS ENTERED
SPADE'S HIDEOUT. WHERE HE
MAKES SHORT WORK OF TORPEDO

THIS IS MY
TORPEDO PUNCH!
IT WORKS EM DOWN
EVERY TIME!



COME ON KIM!
THIS IS WHERE
WE GET OFF!



WE'LL RIDE TORPEDO
IN THE BACK SEAT WITH THE
ROVER BOYS! YOU CLIMB
IN FRONT WITH ME, KIM!
WE'RE HEADING FOR THE
POLICE STATION!



OUT ON THE WAY THE SLEEPING
POT ON HIS EARS OFF BOMBAY—
AND HE PULLS ANOTHER SMALL
AUTOMATIC FROM INSIDE HIS
SHIRT!



BIFF!
LOOK!
LOOK! INDEED!
STOP THE CAR AND
STEP OUT—BOTH OF
YOU—YOU'RE WALKING
HOME FROM THIS
SIDE!



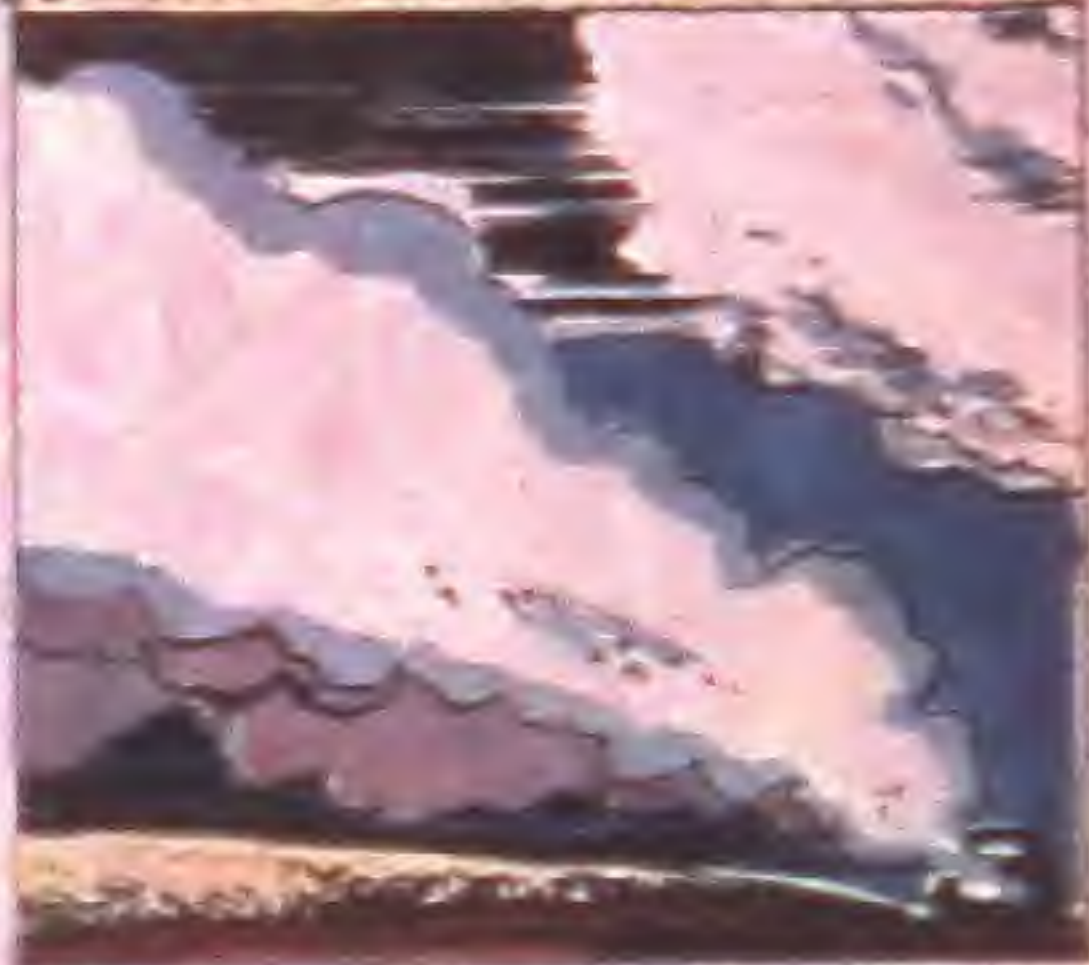
LEAVING KIM AND BIFF ON THE
ROAD BOMBAY SPEEDS OFF.



A LITTLE WHILE THE CAR PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE POLICE STATION AND THE BODIES OF SPADE AND TORPEDO HURTL E OUT!



AND BOMBAY RACES AWAY IN THE CAR...



JOEY AND KIM ARRIVE AS TRIUMPH AND THE POLICE FIND THE UNCONSCIOUS BODY OF TORPEDO AND THE CORPSE OF SPADE...



THEY WERE THROWN FROM A CAR LIKE SACKS OF FLOUR!

HERE'S A NOTE PINNED TO SPADE'S COAT!



Here is Spade - the man you are looking for -
Compliments of
Cassia Bombay

BY MY GOSH TELL US, TORPEDO, I'M MAD! I THINK THAT BOMBAY GUY GOT AWAY!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT BIFF! KIM IS SAFE, SPADE'S BEEN ELIMINATED, TORPEDO'S IN JAIL, AND THE EXPLOSIVE IS SAFE WITH THE POLICE!



BY GOD BOMBAY, I HAVE A FEELING WE'LL MEET HIM AGAIN - AND WHEN WE DO - I'LL TURN HIM OVER TO YOU BIFF JUST SO YOU CAN GET EVEN!



WHY THE HELL?
AREN'T YOU LOOP?
BUT WAIT!
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S NEXT ADVENTURE WILL BE EVEN MORE EXCITING! THRILLS AND SURPRISES!



With readers... note! Inkie is an entirely new type of comic character. The size of your finger and draws and writes his own adventures!... Well... sometimes the artist helps, too!...

SO... LET'S DRIP IN AT THE STUDIO AND SEE WHAT'S BREWIN' AND STEWIN'...

GOSH! ANOTHER DEADLINE TO MEET -AND NO IDEAS!

THOSE PEOPLE WHO READ THESE COMIC BOOKS THINK THIS IS AN EASY JOB!

YA SEE WHAT I MEAN, FOLKS! THE ARTIST IS REALLY NOT MUCH GOOD WITHOUT ME!

INK



OHIGOSH!... I GULP!
HEY, AL!... GOLLY!...
HE'S KNOCKED
OUT COLD!

IT'S NOT THE ARTIST THAT
HAS ME WORRIED... IT'S MY
PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION
AS A COMIC STRIP HERO!
— GEE!

SIZZLING STREAKS, FOLKS!
THIS PUTS ME ON A BIT OF
A SPOT!... I-T-Z-G-GURTS
I GOTTA CARRY ON ALL
A-A-ALONE!
— SOBS

C'MON DOWN AN'
FIGHT LIKE A MAN!
NO BOLT IS GONNA
BREAK INTO MY
STRIP SO
EASILY!

CRACKLE-
POP!

IF I COULD ONLY GET
YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE,
I'D... I'D... ER... NO! —
I D-DON'T THINK I
W-WOULD AT THAT!

ZANG

AM I BOTHERIN' YA,
BUD? WHAT'S ON
YER MIND —
HUNT —

ER... NOTHING
AT ALL...
NICE DAY —
PLENTY
OF LIFE —
— GULPT

BUT YOU HAVE SOME
NERVE!... POPPING ALL
OVER THE PLACE...
SCARING PEOPLE!
WHY DON'T YOU
DO SOMETHING
USEFUL?!

GEE WHIZ! GIVE A
GUY A CHANCE... THIS
IS MY FIRST SOLO!
I'M JUST TRYING
OUT MY
ELECTRONICS!
GEE
WHITZ!







ERR! TO THE
HONORABLE
SECRET WEAPON!
ERR!!
I RIX
HONORABLE
LIGHTNING
STREAK!



ERR
HAI LOO!
GET SPECIAL
HONORABLE
MEDAL FOR
DEED OF
VALOR!

ERR!
HE SWITCH
FROM
HONORABLE
TO 'S!



I- I'M AFRAID TO
I-LOOK! - POOR
LIGHTNING!



SOAPS STUFF
AS A BOARD
SOBS-TAN HE
WANTED TO BE
A MAN! (SOB)

IT'S ALL
MY
FAULT!
(SOB)



SOB
SOB
I MADE HIM
DO IT JUST
TO GET A
STORY!
SOB-SOB

ERR!
ERR!
ERR!



ERR! WELL!
IT IS HONORABLE
DAME FROM COMIC
STRIP!

WHAT?
ER-
GOSH!
-JAPS!

THEY
KNOW
ME?



HOW!
WHY-
ER-HOW!

ERR! HE
FOLLOW HONORABLE
ADVENTURES EVERY
MONTH IN HONORABLE
CRACK COMICS
IS HONORABLE
GOOD!



ERR!
I WANT
HONORABLE
AUTOGRAPH

ERR!
PLEASE
MAKE
DRAWING!

ERR!
SIGN
HERE!

ERR!
MY
PUBLIC!

ERR!
TOO!





SLAP HAPPY PAPPY



WHERE YOU FISHING FOR MY GOOD MAY!

MAN EATING SHARK!



(GREAT PERSON! I'LL KNOCK HIM) WHAT YOU USING FOR BAIT?

A MAN OF COURSE!



BUT ISN'T THAT A BIT RISKY?

NOPE! AN'T NO SHARKS IN THE HYAP POND!



NO... I MEAN, WON'T HE BROWN?

HECK NO!



JEKE ONLY BREATHEES ONCE EVERY HOUR ANYWAY!



HA! HA! I GIVE UP! YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT?



NEXT THING YOU'LL BE TELLIN ME HE'S DOWN THERE HODING A GARDEN OF WATER CRESS!



WHO TH' FICK TOLD YOU?

THE CLOCK



THIS IS A GUN! IT IS QUITE HARMLESS WHEN IT IS NOT IN THE HANDS OF A KILLER---



THIS IS A 'KILLER' - HE IS QUITE HARMLESS AND YELLOW UNLESS HE HAS IN HIS HAND, A GUN---



THIS IS THE VICTIM - HE IS QUITE HARMLESS, A HARD WORKING, LAW-ABIDING, THRIFTY CITIZEN - A CREDIT TO HIS COMMUNITY - THE PREY OF ALL CROOKDOM!

THIS IS THE CLOCK. HE IS QUITE HARMLESS UNTIL HE IS CALLED UPON TO ERASE THE EVILS OF CRIME - THEN IT IS WOE TO THOSE WHO VIOLATE THE PRINCIPLES OF JUSTICE!



by
GEORGE E. BRENNER

NOW LET'S ADD THEM ALL TOGETHER—

THE GUN

+

THE KILLER

+

THE VICTIM

=



+



+



=

MURDER!

MATHEMATICALLY THE SUM TOTAL OF THIS EXAMPLE OF INJUSTICE IS RIGHT BUT THE CLOCK STEPS IN AND PROVES IT'S WRONG!



THE STORY STARTS LATE ONE EVENING—JOE DOE CLOSES HIS STORE—







I SWEAR DAT BOKT
WAS FOLLERIN' ME-
I BETTER TAKE
NO CHAYCES--



AN' I'LL SEE
YA THERE-AN'
HERRY LIKE A
BUNNY--



I TAUGHT
SO--



C'HERE
SQUIRT!

ULP!

I GOTTA
THINK FAST!



WHAT'S DE IDEA
O' FOLLERIN'
HE??

FOLLOWIN' YOU??
DON'T BE A DROOP,
DID- WHAT HAVE
YOU GOT THAT I'D
WANT??



WHO ARE YA
WAITIN' FER??

WHO, HE?? ER-AR-
SQUEE!-- WHY-A-A
SAILOR--THAT'S IT, A
SAILOR--



-AN' HE'S PLENTY JEALOUS-IF HE SEES
YOU ANNOYIN' HIS BIG MOMENT
HE'LL TIE YOU IN SIX
DIFFERENT KNOTS- SO
SCRAM, BUN!!



MEANWHILE, THE CLOCK IS HURRYING TO BUTCH'S CALL...





AND THEN







HOW'S THAT?
SINCE I
BEEN AWAY
NETH?

Molly the Model

SAY!
WAS THAT
DANNY
DEEVER
WHO JUST
WENT
OUT?

AWFUL!
FIGHTERS ARE
SCARCER THAN
SOL-GAR BIKE
RIDERS IN A
PHONE BOOTH!

BEHOLD THE
BURNINGLY
TITANIC BUILD
UP AS YOUR
SUCCESSOR

IT'S GETTIN' SO
I DON'T EVEN
KNOW YOU
EXCEPT WHEN
YOU'RE SCARRED
ABSOLUTELY
SILLY!

GOTTA
SCRAM
AN
MEET
MOLLY
NETH!

YEH THE FIGHTER
WHOSE STYLE AN EVERY
MOM I BEEN WANTIN
VA TO IMITATE -
HEY, WHERE IS
GOW?

TO START
MY
IMITATIN
RIGHT NOW!

LATER
AN OOOOPOO
CIGAR PLEASE

AN
OOOPOO
PLEASE

BOY!
WHAT A
DAY! IT'S
GOOD TO
BE
ALIVE!

BOY
WHAT
A DAY!
IT'S GOOD
TO BE
ALIVE!

AND A SWEET
DATE WITH
MOLLY - WOW!

WOW!

MOLLY!

DANNY!

MOLLY!

?

HEY EXCUSE
ME - WASN'T
THINKIN
JUST A BENT
MINDED
HONEST!

OH
YEAH

I BETTER AND THAT
SLAP SILLY FOR CRYING
HE WASN'T ACTIN
NORMAL WHEN HE
LEFT THE CYN

BUT YOU'RE PERFECTLY
NORMAL AGAIN
NOW THANK
GOODNESS!

DON'T TELL
HE YOU'RE
STILL TRYING
TO GET A JOB
AS A MALE
ARTIST'S MODEL!

THIS TIME
I GOT THE
JOB

AND THIS ARTIST
WAS A REAL
DOUGH BOY

IS THIS
THE BOY?

IS THAT MACKY PUT-TOGETHER
BRANDER BOSS IN TERROR? I
DON'T KNOW HE COULD
AFFORD A MODEL!

WILL YOU
PLEASE ASK ONE
OF THE MODERN
DRESS-UP
SOCIETIES?

ENLARGED - YOU DO NOT
FEEL - DO NOT QUOTE
CATCH IT NOW!

HE WOULD
CALL THE
"FROM
BEFORE
DA FALL"
- NO!
NO GOOD

LATER

ALAS - AND STILL YOU
FAIL TO GIVE ME THE
PITCH!

IF ONLY YOU
COULD GET
INSPIRE

WAIT!
HOLD!
EAT!
SHE'S
WHAT I
WANT

WONDERFUL AS ENCOURAGEMENT
I AM YOU A WHOLE YEAR'S
SALARY TODAY IN
ADVANCE!

WHAT A
BOSS - HE'S
PROBABLY DASHING
OFF A CHECK
RIGHT
NOW!

WOW!

AND
THAT'S
THAT
THING!

YOUR SALARY, SIR -
ALAS I HAVE NO
MONEY BUT WHAT
EYES MONEY'S COMING
TO ORIGINAL SKETCH
BY THE GREAT
BORIS
M. TERAPOT!

WHEN I AM DEAD EAT
MASTERPIECE WILL
BE WORTH
\$ 10,000!

OH -
I WILL
EAT!

WELL WE'LL FIX THAT
LITTLE DETAIL RIGHT NOW!

HACK O'HARA



HACK O'HARA IS NO SORCERER, BUT HE TURNS THE TRICKS ON A PAIR OF CLEVER MAGICIANS!... YOU'LL SEE HACK STEAL THE SHOW AS HE PUTS REVERSE ENGLISH ON THE PLANS OF THESE TWO MURDEROUS CRIMINALS!

TWO AGAINST ONE ISN'T FAIR, BOYS!

SO SORRY!

THIS WILL TEACH YOU, MY FRIEND, TO KEEP YOUR NOSE WHERE IT BELONGS!













NICE GOING, HACK!
I GUESS THAT
CLEARS YOU!

JUST A
MINUTE,
BOYS!...
THERE'S
SOMETHING
ELSE!



I THINK I CAN
SHOW YOU THE
REASON FOR
THE MURDER!



A FORTUNE IN
OPIUM! THESE
GUYS WERE IN THE
DOPE RACKET!

THE F.B.I.
MAN MUST
HAVE BEEN
ON THEIR
TRAIL!

...AND
THAT'S
WHY THEY
MURDERED
HIM!



HACK, YOU'RE
TERRIFIC! HOW
DID YOU EVER
FIGURE THIS
OUT?

AW, IT'S A CINCH!
I KNOW ALL ABOUT
THIS MAGIC STUFF!
LOOK! - I'LL SHOW
YOU A
TRICK!



I'LL GET INTO THIS
BOX - YOU PUSH THE
BUTTON ON THE SIDE
- AND SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!

OKAY,
HACK!



GEE, THAT'S
GREAT!

HE'S
GONE!



HELP!



I'M THROUGH WITH THIS
MAGIC STUFF! AFTER THIS,
I'M GOING TO STICK TO
DRIVING A CAB!



CARTOONIST DETECTIVE



I COULD HEAR, GOLDY, THAT THIS COMIC STRIP BY PEN MILLER IS ABOUT YOU!

YEAH... HE SURE SEEMS TO HAVE ALL THE DOPE ON MY CASE...

HE'S BEEN PRETTY DAMN ACCURATE UP TO NOW... BUT HE CAN'T KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT ME! LEAVE ME SEE WHAT'S HE GOT ABOUT ME IN THAT THERE TODAY, BENNY...

COME ALONG, BENNY! THE PAROLE BOARD'S REVIEWING YOUR CASE!

HAHA! I KNEW IT! THAT CARTOONIST FINALLY SUPPED UP ON THE FACTS... I AIN'T GETTIN' NO PAROLE!

C'MON, GOLDY...

THE PAROLE BOARD'S REVIEWING YOUR CASE!



FEN MILLER - Case of Brassy Jasper



Rebuilding of Cities to Be Studied At National Meeting of Architects

HOUSING NEEDS STUDIED Super Plan Only 146,500 for Four Blocks SPECTACULAR WITH Aggregate Estimated Value of \$242,000

Seattle, August 14 (AP) - The National Meeting of Architects, which opens here today, will study the housing needs of the nation and the possibility of rebuilding cities damaged by war.









PURGATORY CANYON

HE SAT his weary horse looking down into the dark-filled canyon. It was getting sunset and Hal Trout had no intention of riding down into that place at night. Even the morning sun it wouldn't look much differently. And certainly it would be more healthy for a hunter who knew no more about it than its grain history which was generally known.

That history went back a long way. In the early Forties, a great caravan of covered wagons loaded with Mormons from the East had vanished in Purgatory Canyon. A half dozen Pony Express riders had likewise ridden into its vastness—and were gone out. Now four modern prospectors had gone into it looking for precious metal—nothing had been heard of them. The last one had vanished three weeks past.

Hal Trout had been hired by the Shoshoni Mining Development Company to find the lost geologists. He was a native of these wild hills and knew the country well. However, he had never been far into Purgatory Canyon.

There was something ominous about the canyon even in broad daylight. Something grim and forbidding. It discouraged travel into its rocky wilderness. Nesting place of buzzards, and hiding place of wolves and coyotes and it was whispered of human beings worse than wolves it gashed the earth like a terrible mouth of some monster.

Hal Trout had taken the job because of the handsome pay offered. Ordinarily a cow-waddy the money he would receive for this task was more than he'd make in a year of herding white-faces.

But he looked forward to the trek into the wild canyon with no happy anticipation. Not exactly superstition. Hal had those old stories couldn't get his head. Certainly the four men who had recently vanished

did not walk up or back. Hal wondered what his chances were of being successful when the next day would bring. He bedded down under a big pine after feeding his horse, and for a long time watched the stars come out. Later a great moon slid up over the Rockies and flooded the night with radiance.

An owl hooted nearby and farther off another answered plaintively. Far down in the valley a coyote yipped. Hal's horse pawed the earth and snorted. Something crashed through the brush and went bounding down into the valley. A deer.

It grew cold as night drew on and Hal got up and built a fire with fir and pine boughs. The heat made him sleepy and when he was back in his blankets, dozing.

The sun was just appearing when Hal got up, built the fire and began frying bacon and boiling water for coffee.

At seven o'clock Hal had his horse saddled, the cooking utensils stowed in a saddle bag and was heading down toward Purgatory Canyon. He had to ride through a pass, the granite walls of which rose on either side a short thousand feet. It was cold in the cleft and the sun had not as yet chased away the night's shadows.

It took nearly an hour for Hal to reach the bottom of the canyon. A madly rushing river thundered through the middle of the chasm, allowing only a narrow rocky strip on either side. The roar of the water rushing over great boulders was deafening.

Hal dismounted and led his horse because the footing was getting precarious. Once he stopped and looked up. The light was awe-inspiring. The steep walls of the canyon seemed so actually lean toward as if suddenly they would close together like a great mouth. The top was fully three thousand feet above him.

As he progressed, the canyon grew

wider. At noon he had come to a point where there were a good twenty yards of space on either side of the raging river. He plugged on, as yet seeing no sign of the lost prospectors. They must have gone this way, he reasoned because there was no other.

For three more hours Hal rode, watching the canyon become even wider until by 3:30 it was a mammoth gash a quarter of a mile across. The heat was terrible down there. There was no breeze, and Hal felt faint. He drank often from the river, as did Pat, his horse.

Hal had no idea just what he expected to find. He was to look for the lost geologists that's all he knew. Well if they were in Purgatory Canyon, he'd find 'em.

He rode on the north side of the river. And gradually that side rose in a gentle ascent. At five this afternoon he was on top of a flat mesa, a good two hundred feet above the river. It would be a fine place to make camp. It would soon be dark in the canyon. There was grain for his horse. He had filled his canteen before leaving the river. He was all set.

He decided to have a look around before nightfall. Hobbiling Pat, he trotted off. At the base of the mesa, where it merged into the rock wall of the canyon, he discovered a cave. But he didn't venture inside, morning would be time enough for that. It well could be the lair of some wild beast.

He went back to the campsite and broke out pots and supplies. He cooked up enough soup and bits of ground beef to build a small fire. It was already chilly in the canyon.

At eight o'clock Hal Trout was rolled up in his blankets, dog-tired from a long day's ride.

As he told the story later, he didn't remember what time it was when the thrashing drums awake him. In a

sort of half-dark he listened to them, or rather felt their vibrations through the ground. Then he saw a flickering light in the entrance of the cave. A bright moon was shining. And through a scene of noise, fantastically painted savages rushed from the cave bearing torches and shrieking like madmen. In a moment Hal was surrounded. Two savages—some sort of unknown Indian tribe—quickly bound him with thongs. Then he was pulled up and hauled into the cave.

Swinging between four hooky Indians, he was carried for a long time through the gloom of a tunnel; then they were out into a huge cavern so immense that the ceiling was invisible in the flickering torch light.

Hal couldn't understand a word of the savages' dialect. He spoke Spanish and a bit of Blackfoot. But they only glared at him and pointed in a direction Hal couldn't fathom; he was turned around.

The big cavern contained a sort of throne upon which sat a decrepit old man. The chief, Hal supposed. He was ran down before the patriarch, who delivered a brief speech. Then the aged man lifted an arm and a chant began among the savages. It increased in volume until the cavern trembled.

Then a gruffly-painted Indian stepped forward with an upraised club. And the next instant Hal received a crushing impact on the head—and then darkness.

Eric Vale thought the story sounded a bit ridiculous. He said so with his easy smile and the knowledge of many strange experiences behind him. For there are few men, even veterans, who have tasted adventures such as Eric Vale, explorer-extraordinary.

Lewis Shortliff, President of the big mining company that bore his name, looked at young Vale.

"I know it sounds like a nightmare, Eric. But I've told you the truth. Four mighty important geologists and now this young cowpuncher we sent in. They're simply vanished."

"How long ago did Hal Trout leave?" Eric asked.

"It's been five days now."

"Hmmm. Someone should've tried going into Purgatory Canyon from the other end."

Shortliff grinned sardonically. Whatever that end is, it is somewhere in the Devil's Head country. A mountain goat couldn't get in there, Eric."

"To fly over your canyon is the morning, Mr. Shortliff. Low, and take pictures. If I can find space I'll land in there. I'm anxious to have a go at your canyon photo."

They shook hands then and Eric went to the lodging house where he had rented a room. He pondered this strange situation. It was fantastic, that dope about the strange race of Indians, and that tale about the lost wagon train of Mormons. But these five men who had so recently vanished.

Eric slept well that night, dreaming of hand-to-hand combats with feathered ghost men.

Wind. Screaming wind rushing past his ears awakened Hal Trout. He tore his eyes open. Solid rock walls rushing up past him. He was turning over and over and the bright sunlight blinded him momentarily.

Then he struck the water with a great splash. He shot down—down, into greenish depths. His lungs were burning for air and there was a horrible ringing in his ears. He clawed at the water as if it were some solid force. And he knew that his struggles were slowing him upward. His head broke water and he gulped delicious air. But the powerful current was whirling him in its grip like a piece of driftwood. He was racing along in the middle of Purgatory River, caught in its merciless grasp. The canyon walls rushed past.

Then, half-blinded by rising spray, he saw that he was being carried at express speed straight toward a towering wall of solid rock!

Hal cried out, and tried to fall with his arms. But he couldn't lift them against the head-on pressure of water.

The wall raced toward him. He was going to smash against it—

Sudden darkness, with the river still groping, hurling him upward. He knew then that this strange river has entered a subterranean passage in the canyon walls. Where was it taking him?

As suddenly as he had entered the passage, he was out in the daylight.

He was being helved toward a sandy beach. He passed out.

He came to lying on the beach. Several men were squaring around him. One of them grinned. "Welcome to Purgatory, brother! We have been here a good many days, and company is in order!"

It took Hal several seconds to digest this. His senses were slowly back. These were the lost geologists. Hal sipped some weak tea, one of them handed to him. Then the story came out. They had been knocked unconscious by savages and hurled into the river. Just as Hal had been.

Hal looked around. This place was a veritable prison. It was a half mile across, flat, surrounded by thousand-foot cliffs.

"A bird couldn't get out of here, Buddy," one of the men stated. "We're stuck here. There's food, of sorts, and water. That's all."

"You mean you—"

"We've explored every square inch of this place," interrupted one of the prospectors. "No dirt. We're trapped as if we were in Alcatraz."

But Hal had to prove this assertion to himself. So for the next two hours he roved around the walls. They were right. There was no getting out. A terrible feeling of dread settled upon him. To be shut in here all the rest of his life!

The next few days passed dully. They ate a sort of squash that grew wild, some berries, and baked roots that tasted like rotten wood.

They were sitting on a circle around a small fire, waiting for water to boil for weak tea. Then suddenly a roar broke out over them. A plane swooped down from the west, banked sharply and came down on a neat landing. Every man gave a sharp cry of joy. Eric Vale jumped out of the ship and came toward them. There were hilarious greetings. Then Eric explained that he had heard the weird story of their experiences, that he could take only one at a time out.

"We'll draw lots," one suggested.

When this was over, and the lucky one was aboard, Eric said to the others, "Hold everything. I'll be back in three hours for another of you."

Then he was lifting the ship out of the canyon. As he flew away, he told himself he would explore Purgatory Canyon and see these wild savages who made things hot for every traveler in the dark depths.





SEEMS KINDA SILLY, BUT AS LONG AS HE'S PAYING FOR IT...

NO! NO! NOT THAT TYPE OF STRIP! QUICK! SEE HOW MANY PANELS WE HAVE LEFT!



EIGHT... INCLUDING THIS ONE!

HMM... WE'D BETTER HURRY! - BUT DON YOUR DUOS BEFORE TYPSE-NOSE LIE SUES US FOR IMPERSONATING A TAKE-IT-OFFICER!



LOOK! I'VE GOT IT! THE READERS LIKE PLINY OF BLOOD AND THUNDER... BLEED FOR THE POLICE, DOOITY!

BUT ALL THE BLOOD IS AT THE BLOOD BANK... COLLECTING THE BLOOD INTEREST OF COURSE!



THEN KETCHUP WILL HAVE TO DO! SORT OF A HEINZ HEMORRAGE!

GORY AIN'T IT?



COME TO THINK OF IT, IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE I'VE TASTED STEAK SMOTHERED IN KETCHUP!

BUT, LIKE - I'M NOT GOVERNMENT INSPECTED MEAT!



AN' BESIDES, I'D USE UP ALL YOUR POINTS, INCLUDING THE ONE YOU'RE STICKING IN ME!

QUITE SO! (GISH) WELL, AT LEAST OUR READERS GOT THEIR QUOTA OF BLOOD...



BUT WHAT ABOUT THUNDER? AFTER ALL BLOOD WITHOUT THUNDER IS LIKE BAGS WITHOUT BACKS!

AND NOT A STORM IN SIGHT! TON-TON TON!



GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CLOUD UP AND MAKE MY OWN SOUND EFFECTS!

WHOEVER HEARD OF THUNDER WITH A KETCHUP COOK? HA! - ONE PANEL LEFT! NO USE LETTING IT GO TO WASTE!



THE SALE OR RENT? ONE BRAND NEW PANEL! SPECIAL RATES TO CAPTAIN TRIUMPH! SEE US AT SCOTT

PERKY

By
LORDS

SHINE 'EM UP,
PERKY, MY BOY!
I'M GONNA BE
OUT ALL NIGHT!

...SO PERKY VOLUNTEERED
TO HELP THE AMATEUR MAGICIAN
IN THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW... BUT
WHEN PERKY CLIMBED INTO THE
VANISHING BOX, HE REALLY VANISHED!
EVERY TIME THE MAGICIAN TURNED
THE LEVER ON THE BOX, INSTEAD
OF BRINGING PERKY BACK,
HE SENT HIM FLYING
INTO THE MAGICAL
WORLDS OF FAR
AWAY AND
LONG AGO!

GEE MA!
CAN I FLY
AWAY PRETTY
SOON?

YESSIRREE,
MR. STAR!

GOSH!
THE MOON!

YOU
ARE NOW
ON THE
MOON...
KEEP OFF AND
STAY OFF!
BY ORDERS OF THE
MAN IN IT.

UGH!



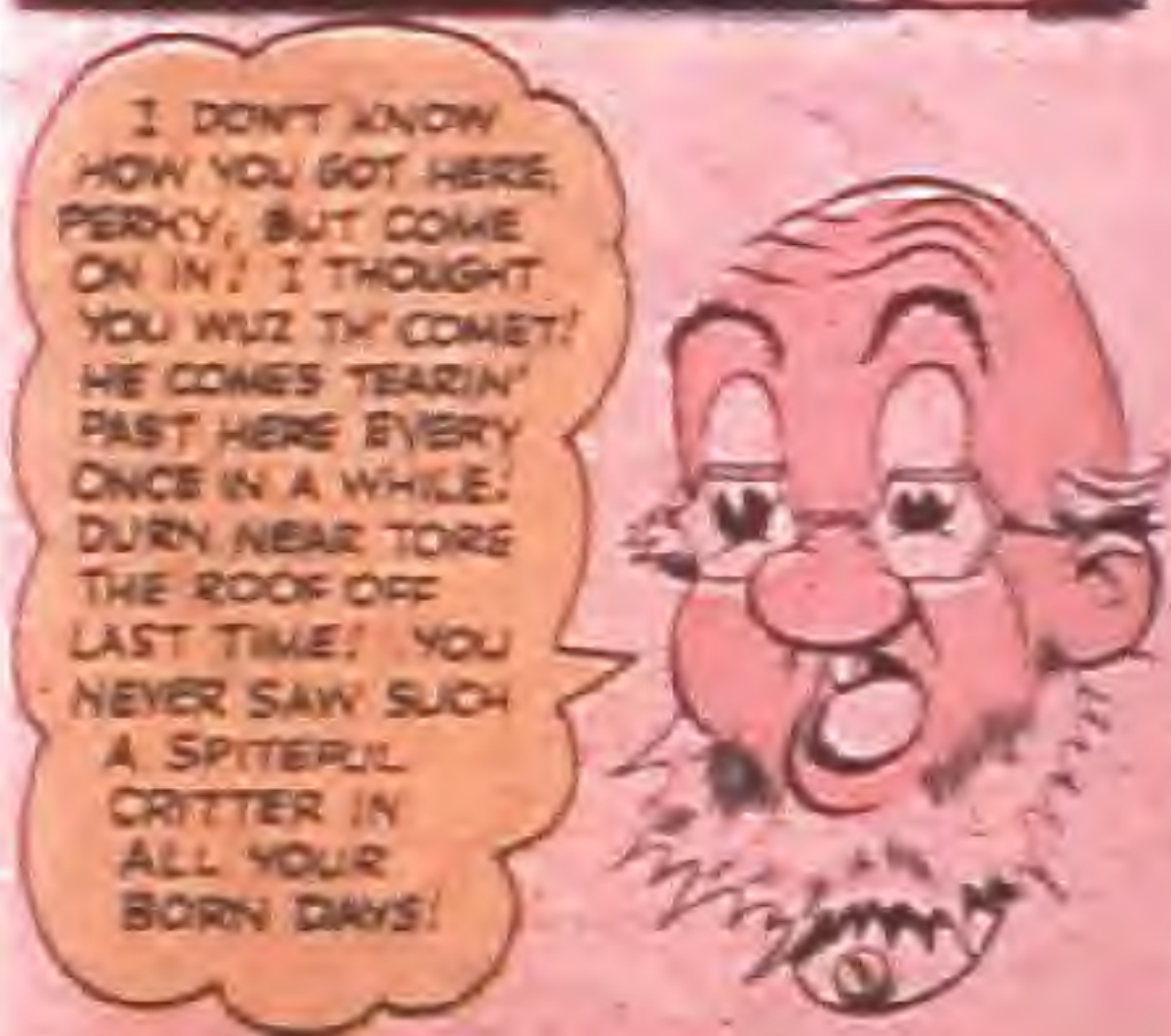
I GUESS
THAT HOUSE MUST
BE WHERE MR. MOON
LIVES! HE DOESN'T
SEEM TO LIKE
VISITORS!



GWAN! GET OFF
THE MOON! YA
DAD-BLASTED
COMET!



HONEST, MR. MOON...
I'M NO COMET! I'M A
LITTLE BOY - AND MY
NAME IS PERKY!



I DON'T KNOW
HOW YOU GOT HERE,
PERKY, BUT COME
ON IN! I THOUGHT
YOU WUZ TH' COMET!
HE COMES TEARIN'
PAST HERE EVERY
ONCE IN A WHILE.
DURN NEAR TORE
THE ROOF OFF
LAST TIME! YOU
NEVER SAW SUCH
A SPITEFUL
CRITTER IN
ALL YOUR
BORN DAYS!



HELLO!

THIS IS PERKY,
MAIN... HE DROPPED
IN TO SAY HOWDY
TO TH' OLD FOLKS!

HELLO,
CHILD!





MR. COMET!
COME BACK!
I WISH TO
TALK WITH
YOU!



WHAT ABOUT,
EARTH-WORM?

OF COURSE, IT'S
NONE OF MY BUSINESS
—BUT WHY CAN'T
YOU STAY PUT
LIKE THE OTHER
STARS, INSTEAD
OF TEARING
LOOSE ALL OVER
THE SKY?



BOO HOO! DO YOU THINK I
LIKE TO KEEP RUNNING AROUND
LIKE THIS? ONCE I WAS A STAR,
TOO, BUT THE NAIL THAT HELD
ME AGAINST THE SKY CAME
LOOSE AND I FELL DOWN!
SINCE THEN I HAVEN'T
HAD A MINUTE'S
REST!



I'VE GOT IT!
ALL WE NEED IS
A HAMMER AND A
NAIL! AND THEN
YOU CAN BE HUNG
BACK WHERE
YOU CAME
FROM!



THE HAMMER-
HEADS AND THE
NAIL FOLK LIVE ON
THE PLANET
JUPITER! WANT
TO COME
ALONG?

YOU BET!



HOLD ON TO
MY TAIL AND WE'LL
BE THERE IN A
JIFFY!

NAIL! YOU MIGHT
WANT TO SIT DOWN!
TAKE THIS CLOUD
ALONG WITH
YOU!



GOODBYE,
PERKY!

ON THE PLANET JUPITER ...

AH! THERE'S A HAMMERHEAD!
-AND A NAIL TOO! AHOY, MATES!
WOULD YOU BOYS DO ME A
GREAT FAVOR?

MY STARS!
A REAL COMET!
WHAT'S ON
YOUR MIND,
BUD?

I DON'T WANT TO BE
A COMET ANY MORE! IF
YOU CAN NAIL ME BACK
INTO THE SKY, I CAN
BECOME A STAR. SAME
AS I USED TO BE!

IF I CAN
NAIL YOU BACK!
LISTEN, BRIGHT-EYES!
YOU'RE TALKIN' TO
THE TOUGHEST
SLUGGER
IN THE
BUSINESS!



WATCH THIS!
SEE THAT NAIL??...
ALLEY OOP!

OH-OH!
HERE WE
GO, PLAYING
GAMES
AGAIN!



IN
SHE
GOES!...

...AND OUT
SHE
COMES!



HEY! TOPHEAVY!
HOW'D YOU LIKE
A STEADY JOB?
--LIKE HOLDING
UP A STAR?

HEAVENLY!



THEN WHAT
ARE WE WAITING
FOR? LET'S
GLOW!





THE BLACK CONDOOR

SUPPOSE YOU WERE ELECTED R...
YOU'RE ORDER TO SERVE AS SENATOR
IN WASHINGTON, REMEMBERING THE
PEOPLE OF YOUR STATE, AND THE
COUNTRY!
READ THIS STORY AS THE BLACK
CONDOOR TAKES UNDER HIS WING,
A NEW KIND OF HERO IN THIS STAR-
ING TALE OF A SIMPLE, HONEST
MAN, IN THE GREATEST TRIAL OF HIS
LIFE, THE STORY OF "ELMER BRIGGS
UNITED STATES SENATOR!"



A YOUNG
COUNTRY
BURDEN!

OUTRAGEOUS!
NEVER HEARD
OF HIM!

INCREDIBLE!



ELMER BRIGGS DIDN'T BELONG IN WASHINGTON. HE WASN'T A POLITICIAN. HE WAS A COUNTRY
BOY FULL OF GRAND IDEAS ABOUT AMERICA.





ISAW MODELS OF THOSE NEW PLANES! THEY'RE REAL FLYING MONSTERS!



WHILE THE SENATE CONVENES IN WASHINGTON... A LONG CAR RACES OVER A NARROW ROAD, CARRYING THE THREE IMPORTANT WITNESSES WHOSE TESTIMONY WILL DECIDE THE FATE OF THE NEW TRANSPORT PLANES.





YOUR QUESTIONS
WILL BE ANSWERED
IN TIME! YOU ARE
NOT GOING TO
WASHINGTON!

WE'RE BEING
KIDNAPPED! BUT—
BUT NOW DID YOU
KNOW WHERE TO
FIND US?



WE HAVE A VERY EFFICIENT
ORGANIZATION! YOU NEED NOT
FEAR YOUR ABSENCE WILL BE
NOTED IN WASHINGTON! THAT
IS ALREADY BEING TAKEN
CARE OF!



SOME TIME LATER IN WASHINGTON...

WE HAVE
FOLLOWED ORDERS
MASTER! THE MEN
ARE HERE!

EXCELLENT!
TELL JOE TO PREPARE
THE OTHERS! THERE
IS LITTLE TIME!



REMEMBER! OUR MEN MUST BE
EXACT DOUBLES! COOD ENOUGH
TO PASS INSPECTION ANYWHERE!

I
UNDERSTAND
MASTER!



THOSE NEW TRANSPORT
PLANES WOULD BE A POWER-
FUL WEAPON! BUT THEY
WILL BE SOLD TO THE
HIGHEST BIDDER!



AND SO THAT DAY, BEFORE
THE SENATE COMMITTEE...

MY FRIENDS AND I HAVE
EXAMINED THE MODEL OF
THIS NEW PLANE! IT IS
ABSOLUTELY IMPRACTICAL.



UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES
WE MUST RECOMMEND
TO THE SENATE THAT NO
APPROPRIATION BE PASSED
FOR THESE NEW TRANS-
PORT PLANES!

IN THE SENATE ONE VOTE IS CAST AGAINST THE COMMITTEE RECOMMENDATION... BY NEWLY ELECTED SENATOR ELMER BRIGGS-



I'M GOING TO FIND OUT JUST WHAT KIND OF EXPERTS TESTIFIED BEFORE THE COMMITTEE! YOU CAN'T VOTE THIS BILL DOWN UNTIL I DO!



MINUTES LATER, WILD MANNERED SENATOR TOM WRIGHT BE- COMES THE BLACK CONDOR AND TAKES THE TRAIL...



THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT BUILDING! SAW-AY! THOSE MEN LOOK LIKE...



... THEY WERE THE MEN WHO TESTIFIED BEFORE THE SENATE COMMITTEE!



INSIDE THE BUILDING, THE THREE SPES RE- PORT TO THE MASTER...



THE SENATE HAS TAKEN NO ACTION ON APPROPRIATING MONEY FOR A NEW TYPE OF TRANSPORT PLANE! SENATOR ELMER BRIGGS NOW HAS THE FLOOR AND HAS BEEN TALKING FOR OVER AN HOUR! NO ONE SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO MAKE HIM STOP...



GO! STOP HIM AT ONCE!



THE BLACK CONDOR!





AS SWEEP OF THE BLACK CONDOR'S WINGS CARRIES HIM SAFELY OUT OF RANGE

YOU'LL PAY THE SAME PENALTY AS ALL TRAITORS

IN ANOTHER ROOM THE BLACK CONDOR FINDS THE GANG'S CAPTIVES...



MEANWHILE, IN THE SENATE...

HOW LONG HAS SENATOR BRIGGS BEEN TALKING?

I LOST COUNT!
HE RECITED LINCOLN'S
GETTYSBURG SPEECH
ELEVEN TIMES
ALREADY!



YOU GENTLEMEN REPRESENT THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!
BUT I'LL BET MOST OF YOU DON'T
EVEN KNOW HOW MANY DIFFER-
ENT KINDS OF PEOPLE WE'VE
GOT IN THIS COUNTRY! I'LL
READ YOU A FEW OF THEIR
NAMES!

GOOD NIGHT!
NOW HE'S
GOING TO
READ US THE
TELEPHONE
DIRECTORY!



THE THREE DISGUISED
GUNMEN ENTER THE
SENATE GALLERY!



THERE HE
IS!

CLOSER!
WE CAN'T
AFFORD
TO MISS!



OUT OF THE SKY SWEEPS
THE BLACK CONDOR IN A
DESPERATE RACE AGAINST
TIME.

I'VE GOT TO
MAKE IT IN TIME!



NOW!

MADE IT!

OUCH!





DEMOCRACY IS NOT SLOW IN ACTION... ONCE IT LEAVES THE TRUTH... NEXT DAY'S HEADLINES BLAZE THE NEWS FROM COAST TO COAST...

THAT NIGHT A GROUP OF SENATORS GAVE A TESTIMONIAL DINNER TO CLARENCE BRIGGS...

SENATOR BRIGGS WISHED TO CONVEY HIS THANKS FOR YOUR KINDNESS! BUT HE ASKS TO BE EXCUSED FROM MAKING A SPEECH...



HE TALKED SO MUCH YESTERDAY THAT HE... SA... LOST HIS VOICE!



JOURNAL

SENATE AUTHORIZES TRANSPORTS

INCREDIBLE ROAST BY TRAITORS REVEALED
JOE LOGAN CORRESPONDENT IN CUSTODY

ARE YOU FOLLOWING PLASTIC MAN EVERY MONTH IN POLICE COMICS?

HI FELLERS!

EARN MONEY, PRIZES and WAR SAVINGS STAMPS



How would you like to have a real working model of the famous BOEING FLYING FORTRESS! Man alive, it's a beauty! You can build this plane yourself—then fly it! Think of the thrill you'll get when you send her into the blue for the first time. Can't you see those four propellers flashing in the sun as your FLYING FORTRESS heads into the wind—climbing higher and higher, then leveling off—headed straight for her target! You bet it's a thrill! All parts cut out and ready to assemble. Wing span, 22 inches. A real he-man flying model.

But that's not all! SEND FOR MY PRIZE BOOK TODAY. It's packed from cover to cover with the kind of prizes you've always wanted. A wrist watch, woodman axe, camera and games. A fishing kit, complete with rod and reel and all the fixings, and best of all—War Savings Stamps. All these things will come to you as a successful Crowell Junior Salesman. Your own business—cash profits, and many great prizes. START TODAY. CUT OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.



Here's How To Start!

Let me start you earning money, prizes and War Stamps right away. It's easy. It's fun. All you have to do is deliver Crowell's Magazine (one of the most popular weeklies in America) to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Will take only a few hours of your spare time and will not interfere with school or play. Just fill out the coupon or write me a penny post card to let me know you want to start at once. My address is: Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST CARD TODAY

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Send me all mine and tell me how to earn cash and War Savings Stamps.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Boy! Oh! Boy!

What **MUSCLE**...
What a **BUILD**... What **SPEED**!

I'll tell you—You're Way Up Front With
STRENGTH LIKE THIS!

Let me show you what I can do for you!

Know what you want? Strength! Endurance! Speed! A body to be proud of! You want tough, hard muscle on your shoulders, arms, back, and legs. Maybe you want to get out of some of that fat. Maybe you're sick and tired of being kidded by the other fellows. Yes! I know what you want! Give me a chance to give it to you, and if in a short time you don't agree that I've done my job, I don't want any of your money!

POWER PLUS Means Vitality, Energy, Strength!

All my life I've been making big muscles out of little ones. I've trained thousands of average boys and young men. I've trained down heavyweights. I've built up screwy little fellows. I've done it in person. I've done it thousands of miles away! I've developed an amazing method called Power-Plus, the most original system for physical development ever

devised. There's nothing exactly like it anywhere—at any price. I work on your shoulders, your arms, legs, back, and chest. You must see definite results—or you don't pay! At the end of a short training period you must **FEEL** and **LOOK** like a different person, or I'll refund every cent you paid!



Now if YOU like to be able to defend yourself against all comers—to protect others if necessary—needs for anything?



Now if YOU like to win in the hundred yard dash—or run a mile without becoming winded?



Now if YOU like to be able to beat the crowd in athletic contests—prove your skill, strength, and speed?



Now if YOU like to be physically fit for an officer's rating in Army, Navy, or Coast Guard? You may be in the Army some day and you'd certainly want to win your stars at boot.

Read These Two Letters

From Jack Dempsey—
I consider your "POWER PLUS" course tops for all-around physical development—power, strength, endurance. The picture and short story you received with your system of built-up muscles are wonderful and I must endorse your course too. Right?

From
Bernard Macfadden—
As an instructor in muscle building, your course stood at the head of the list. Many of your pupils already credit to your ability in building better bodies. I can recommend you most highly. There's nothing you can't provide related.

Beat the Other Fellow to the PUNCH!

I want every boy in America to have this opportunity! Yes, and every young man! If you're getting an honest Army age, I want to get you ready for officer material—for a bigger, bolder physique.

I want to make a winner of you! I don't care how old you are, where you live, or what you do, my proposition goes for YOU! Get started before the rest of the crowd does!

This Is the Most Remarkable Offer I've Made!

I'll give you my latest streamlined Power-Plus Course that is **BETTER** than my old-fashioned Course that thousands of others gladly paid me \$25.00 for. I'll give you every fundamental Power-Plus principle—VIBRO-PRESSURE, TONIC RELAXATION, PSYCHO-POWER, ENTHUSIASTIC PROGRESSION. I'll give you the original, specially sound Photo-Instruction, Chemi-Nutrition of them, each comes a first water and a first and a half long. I'll give you the original SINCER-BASEL to help the Chemi-Nutrition with complete instructions on every part of your routine. I'll give you the complete original TRAINING TABLE TALKS with full advice on the muscular system, food, bathing, and other subjects. I'll send you all the secrets of what I have learned in physical culture for the last 20 years!

All I ask you to pay for ALL OF IT—course and complete—is only \$1.95. Think of it! That's not a down payment, not the cost of a single lesson, but \$1.95 FULL PRICE—for EVERYTHING!

And Here's My MONEY BACK OFFER!

Use all the materials I send you. If you don't agree that you are the biggest money's worth you have ever had, or if they don't do a tremendous job for you, mail them back any time in 30 DAYS. I'll make a complete refund. Just fill out the coupon and mail to me. When your package arrives, simply pay the planer \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or, if you prefer, enclose \$1.95 in full, and I'll pay the package myself. JOE BONOMO, 80 WILCOUGH STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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\$25.00 COURSE
Only **\$1.95**
FULL PRICE

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SEND NO MONEY
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I am interested in your Power-Plus Course. It's **BETTER** than your \$25.00 old-fashioned Course! Send it to me. I will pay the planer \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I agree to return your complete materials, and if I am not otherwise satisfied with yours I will return it to you within 30 days. I will return your materials and receive full \$1.95 refund AT ANY TIME WITHIN FIVE YEARS.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

Age..... Race..... Weight.....

This course is worth \$1.95 to you. If

you mail back package within 30 days,

Show this to Your Mother or Dad!

TO PARENTS: Encourage your son to get fit and improve his body. Give him every chance for health, strength and self-confidence. You know it's me and my work. I'll show you how early and how soon physical culture is my hands. The above letters from Jack Dempsey and Bernard Macfadden stand for themselves.

JOE BONOMO

EF